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SKETCHES
FROM LIFE

Harry Reid



Harry J. Reid

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*"Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown."*

OCT 25 1919

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WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

What is home without a mother
With her tender love and care?
All your sorrows, all your troubles,
All your woes she'll gladly share.
When your comrades all forsake you,
And it makes you feel so sad,
Is it not your dear, sweet mother
Who will cheer and make you glad?

What is home without a mother,
With her dear, sweet, loving smile?
Always working, ever toiling
For the welfare of her child.
When your father gets impatient
And is as cross as he can be,
Is it not thy dear, sweet mother
Who speaks cheering words to thee?

What is home without a mother,
When you're as sick as you can be?
Is it not thy dear, sweet mother
Who watches closely over thee?
Who is it, then, that tells you
Of that glorious home above,
And the way in which to reach it
And the dear, sweet Saviour's love?
For He's promised to come again,
And great things He will do.
Is it not your dear, sweet mother
Who unveils it all to you?

What is home without a mother,
When you have been led to sin,
And they take you to the "station,"
Where you're safely locked within,
When all the world seems against you,
And the trial will soon begin?
Is it not your dear, sweet mother
Who stays by through thick and thin?

Oh, boys, my friends, I tell you,
You who have a mother dear,
You should stay faithfully by her,
Who is your only light and cheer.
You should do all you can to please her,
For you may not have her long;
As perchance no one may cheer you
When your dear, sweet mother's gone.

—Harry J. Reid.

A PECULIAR THEME

I.

Groping around in darkness,
Not the darkness of the night,
But the terrible, terrible darkness
Which affords no heavenly light
I was seeking and longing for something
That would help me to reach the goal,
But it seemed there was nothing to be found
To feed my hungry soul.

II.

Now here, now there,
And in most every denomination,
Hoping to find some ray of light
As I wandered o'er this creation.
Some had more light than others,
But none did I find complete,
Till at last, when nearly discouraged,
I was led to Jesus' feet.

III.

They told me how our loving Saviour
Was nailed to the cruel cross,
And if we all would accept of Him,
He would save us from being lost.
They told me He was soon coming
To take the righteous home to glory,
And since then it has been my desire
To tell Salvation's Story.

IV.

I ask them about my mother,
And my friends that have been laid away,
And they said that they were sleeping
Till the resurrection day.
With the trump of the Archangel
The dead in Christ shall rise,
And together with the living righteous
We'll meet our Saviour in the skies.

V.

Most people believe their friends
Are in Heaven and forever on the wing;
But they showed me so plainly
Where the Bible says the dead know not anything.
They said we must not keep Sunday
On account of Christ's resurrection;
But keep God's Holy Sabbath,
Then we will have his special protection.

VI.

Christ made and blessed the Sabbath,
And rested upon that day;
And in the entire Bible
We're told of no other way.
They told me how we would walk
The beautiful streets of gold,
And live in those pearly mansions
Through ceaseless ages untold.

VII.

They said we would be reunited
With the faithful of our relations,
And eat of the Tree of Life
Which is for the healing of the nations.
They said the time would not be long
That we would have to wait,
If we were only faithful
We would enter the pearly gate.

VIII.

They said we were to live in Heaven
A period of one thousand years;
And then come back to this earth made new
Where there is no sorrow, nor tears.
They said we all shall receive a starry crown
Most beautiful to behold,
And the stars represent the ones
We've brought into the fold.

IX.

They said we would each build us a beautiful mansion
With all manner of precious stones,
And with our loved ones
Occupy these beautiful homes.
And then we will plant our vineyards
And eat the fruit thereof,
And there will be no discord,
Everything will be harmony and love.

X.

We will all have beautiful harps
With which to play upon and sing,
But the most glorious of all,
Jesus will be our King.

—*Harry J. Reid.*

THE WOODLANDS

I love to wander through woodlands
And o'er fields of green,
It seems to me there is no place
Where nature's so serene.
I love to roam about the hills
And by the babbling brook,
And have my sweetheart by my side,
With her contented look.

I love to hear the rustling leaves
And the hum of the noisy bees,
And to hear the songs of the beautiful birds
That flutter among the trees.
I love to pick the flowers
That by the brooklet grow,
And to watch the little fishes
As they're swimming to and fro.
I love to swing my hammock
Beneath the shady trees,
And there to have a quiet nap
In the cool, sweet-scented breeze.
I've traveled o'er this great, wide world,
And have sailed upon the sea,
But the woodlands and the babbling brook
Are the sweetest of all to me.

—*Harry J. Reid.*

THE BREAK OF DAY

How can we keep on going in our old, sinful way
When all signs foretell we are nearing the break of day?
O, brothers and sisters, let us awake, and realize where we
stand,
And from now on cease from sinning, and press on to the
promised land.
Only a little time to wait, and then our journey will be o'er,
And then we will be with Jesus, to live for ever more.

A little talk with Jesus, O how it lightens our cares,
For the dear old Bible says God hears and answers prayers.
When we lay all our cares upon Jesus, and let Him our
lives control,
There is nothing in all this world that is so restful to the soul.
Let us all press onward and upward, with but one purpose
in view,
Of winning souls for the Kingdom of Heaven till our life's
work is through.

—*Harry J. Reid.*

DEAR OLD DAD

What is home without dear old Daddy, who has left this
world o' sin,
And the weeks and months are rollin' by, and no pay-roll's
comin' in?
And then the food gets scarcer, till there ain't no sight o'
grub;
And then Ma has to make a livin' playin' on the old wash-tub.

Things at first go kind o' easy, till Ma's back, it feels so bad,
And it's then our thoughts are ever turnin' back to our dear
old Dad.
What is home without dear old Daddy, when our shoes
are wearing thin?
Before we always had 'em, and now no pay-roll's comin' in.

I could have a bran new suit, and a bicycle, too, to ride.
But we don't seem to get nothin' now, since dear old Dad
has died.
Sister, she could have a nice new dress, and Ma could have
a bonnet
And whatever trimming that she liked, she could have them
on it,
But now our dear old Dad has gone, and we miss him
every day,
And he always gave Ma his envelope whene'er he got his pay.

What is home without dear old Daddy when you're feeling
kind o' ill
And no pay-roll's comin' in to pay the Doctor's bill?
We all love our mother, and we say she is the best friend
we ever had,
But our home, it doesn't amount to much when we've lost
our dear old Dad.

—*Harry J. Reid.*

NEARING THE END

Nearing the end, yes, nearing the end,—the end of this world's great strife.

If we realize we are nearing the end, why not prepare for the future life?

Even tonight may be too late with God's people to cast our lot,

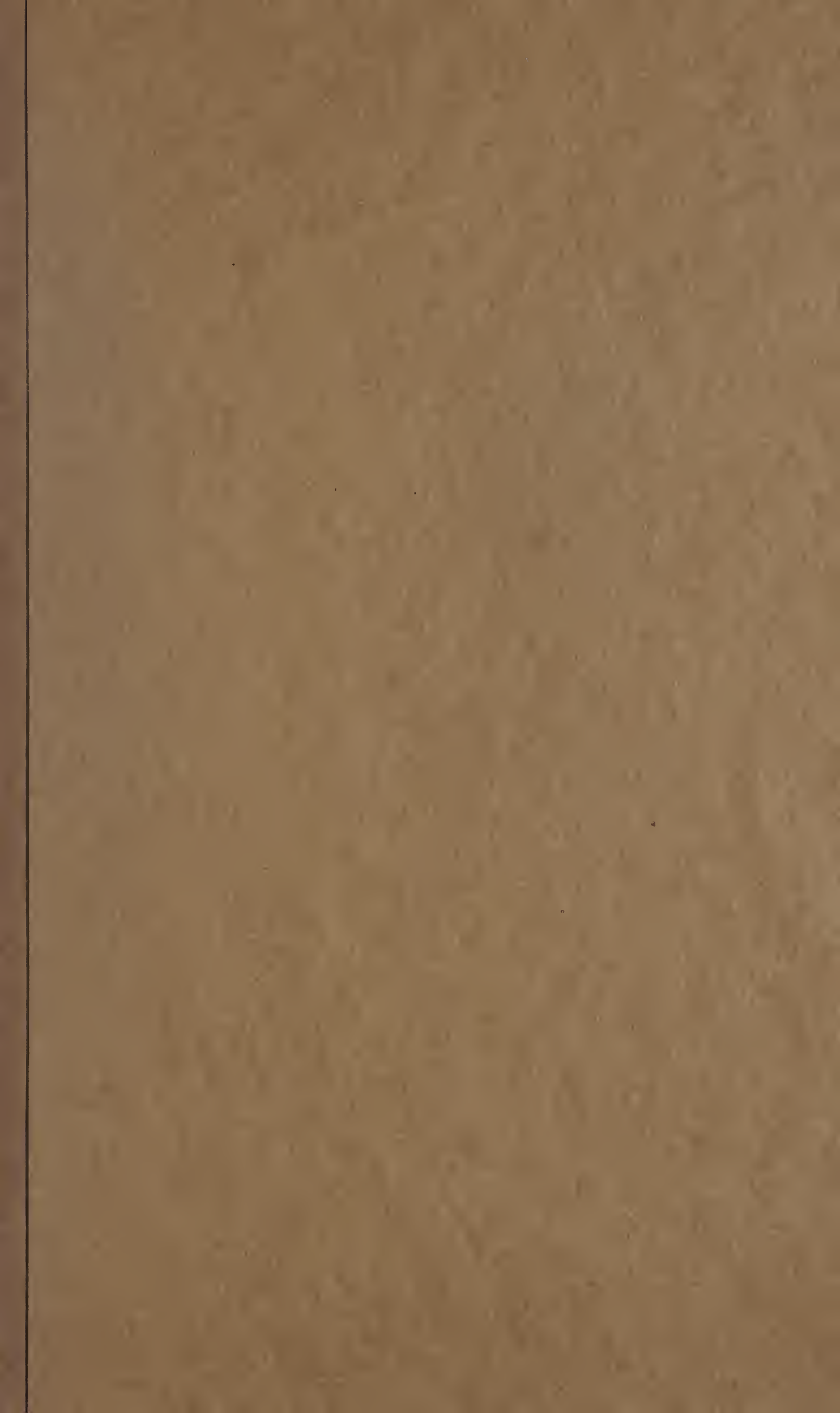
And what an awful thing, in that great day, to have said, "I know thee not."

We all love the star-spangled banner, and many long years has it waved,

But we will have to enlist under the banner of Christ if we ever expect to be saved.

—*Harry J. Reid.*





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